

# THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 14,

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1910

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## Last Meeting Of The Year

Tonight is the last regular meeting of the present town council, the new organization becoming effective after this date. The retiring council has set a mark for those of the future to come up to, their work in putting in the water system alone, marking their year as an epoch in the civic life of Wrangell.

Alfred J. Rowland, an expert accountant of Seattle, came up on the Cottage City and will be a Wrangell visitor for several days.

Fred Stackpole, who has been showing Dick Patchin how to operate the Fortman Hatchery near Loring this winter, came up on the Salmon, Saturday, making the run from Loring to this point in less than fourteen hours. He returned early in the week.

Mrs. Walter Dort and little daughter who had been down on the Sound for some time returned on the Cottage City Wednesday morning.

## Resuming Active Operations

The Vermont Marble Company at Marble Island are resuming operations, and are shipping out men and supplies on this week's Uncle Dan. As told some time ago in The Sentinel, the company is planning for a busy season this year. They will build a wharf, bunk and cook-houses and will increase their plant in several respects.

## Whiskers Are In Style

With both barbers out of town on jury service whiskers are becoming quite the style in Wrangell, and unless they are released within a short time the Populist ranks will receive a good many additions.

Harry Gartley, who accompanied his wife and little son as far as Seattle on their way to California, returned on the Cottage City. While below he visited relatives in the British Columbia cities.

## A Basket Ball Game

There were to be two games of basket ball and a social at St. Philip's hall the first Monday after Easter. One game was to be played by the girls and the other by the boys.

It was eight o'clock before there were enough boys to choose sides. Wayne Tucker and myself were captains and centers. Wayne chose Lloyd Dalgity and Lawrence Taylor, forwards, and Lewis Wigg and Sam Ensley, guards. I chose Ned Lemieux and Lawrence Case, forwards and Walter Coulter and William Lewis, guards. When we were through choosing the girls played their first half and then gave us the floor. We took our places and the ball was thrown up between Wayne and I. I sent it toward my basket and it was caught by Lawrence Case, who threw for a basket but missed. As it struck the floor it was caught up by a player on the other side who passed it to Wayne, and then it fell into my hands and I succeeded in making a basket. In the second half Wayne's side seemed to wake up for they tied the score before we knew it. The first basket we got in the second half was made by Ned Lemieux. The score now stood 8 to 10 in our favor. It was later tied by Wayne's side, but just before the end of the game our side made another basket and won by a score of 10 to 12.

Weston Dalgity

## Traveling Judge

After a long conference between Governor Clark and Attorney General Wickersham recently it was announced that the treasury department would order a revenue cutter to be placed at the disposition of Judge Cushman, who will in July be sent to the westward. As soon as Judge Cushman can do so, he will be instructed to take a deputy United States marshal, clerk of the court, one juror each for grand and petit jury service and with the two taken draw others to complete the venires required to try any cases that may be encountered. Points between Seward, Unalaska and the mouth of the Yukon will be visited.

The steamer Hope arrived in last night with a cargo of fresh salmon. Wm. Lewis reports that the fish are not running any too plentifully as yet, owing probably to the continued frosty weather.

## Municipal Election

The annual election of councilmen was held Tuesday of this week a very light vote being cast, owing to the attendance of so many Wrangellites on the court now in session at Ketchikan. The successful candidates were:

J. G. GRANT  
E. C. MCCORMACK  
AL. OSBORN  
DONALD SINCLAIR  
J. H. WHEELER  
WM. H. LEWIS  
NELS RONNING

Captain EDWIN HOFSTAD was elected treasurer of the school board to serve for three years.

The City of Seattle was scheduled to leave Seattle Tuesday evening, on the first trip of the season, and should arrive here tomorrow afternoon. Bad weather was responsible for the Cottage City being so late this trip. She had capacity loads of both passengers and freight.

## Clark's Salary Raised

Recent dispatches from Washington say: By an amendment to the legislative, judicial and executive appropriation bill, passed by the senate, the salary of the governor of Alaska was increased from \$5,000 to \$7,000 a year. It is believed that the house will concur in the amendment.

The Clatawa came in Wednesday loaded with Spring salmon, which "Cash" Coulter will ship south on the Cottage. The price of fish remains good, owing probably to the high meat costs.

Johnnie Kolb, who is in attendance on the court at Ketchikan, reports that he will finish remodeling his sloop into a launch on his return. But that is such an old story that nobody takes any notice of it any more.

The Alaska Packers' Association announces that all its Alaskan canneries will be in operation this season.

## New Styles for the Current Year

have now arrived in

Men's Shoes, Hats and Furnishings



without  
a flaw

**SUMMIT  
SHIRTS**

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a flaw

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**B. Matheson**  
DEPARTMENT STORE  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE, FURS, FORWARDING,

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Hardware, Groceries and Provisions  
Rubber Boots, Oil Coats, Pants and Hats  
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The Best Gasboat Stove Made

Everything at lowest Prices

**DONALD SINCLAIR**

Dealers in

**GENERAL MERCHANDISE**

**Wrangell - - Alaska**

# THE WRANGELL SENTINEL Here And There In

**RICHARD BUSHELL, JR., Editor and Proprietor**  
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## THE TAIN

The acknowledgement by Delegate Wickersham that he was willing and eager to serve the Guggenheims as their general attorney in Alaska is the real sensation thus far of the personal campaign between the delegate on one side and Governor Hoggatt and Major Richardson on the other. The delegate's recent ferocious denunciations of the Guggenheims, and his apprehension over the fate of Alaska at their hands must now sound hollow. We do not suppose for an instant that the delegate planned to take the badge of the Guggenheims and then go into congress and barter his office for filthy lucre. But the question remains whether a person who is willing to receive in any capacity whatever, money from a corporation of the character Judge Wickersham now imputes to the Guggenheims, could ever be genuine in his opposition toward the corporation.

Judge Wickersham explains that he did not bring improper influence to bear in making his application for the position. The statement may satisfy the delegate and his personal adherents, but politically it cannot help him in the least. Whether the application preceded or followed his election as delegate is all one so far as his constituents are concerned. He was ready to watch out for the interests of the

Guggenheims and go to Washington and influence legislation as a lobbyist in their behalf. . . . The Guggenheim taint is now fixed upon him. The revelation makes his re-election altogether unlikely and quite undesirable.—Fairbanks Times.

Rev. James M. Thompson, who was formerly pastor of the Presbyterian church at Skagway, was killed in the slide at Wellington, Washington.

Vaughn Taylor of Fairbanks has been appointed a West Point cadet on the recommendation of Delegate Wickersham.

The Columbia Packers' Association is erecting a big cannery at Chignik, to be ready for operation during the present season.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the United States Commissioner's Court, Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska.

## IN PROBATE

In the matter of the estate of Samuel Mateson, deceased.

## NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

That I, Roy L. Cole, of the town of Wrangell, District of Alaska, have been duly appointed Special Administrator of the above named estate of Samuel Mateson, deceased, that letters of administration were granted to me on the 6th day of April, A. D., 1910.

All persons having claims against said Estate are required to present the same to me at Wrangell, Alaska, or to the U. S. Commissioner for the Wrangell Precinct, District of Alaska, with proper vouchers therewith, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Wrangell, Alaska, this 7th day of April, A. D. 1910.

ROY L. COLE,  
Special Administrator of the above named estate.

## The North

A young man named Henry Johnson fell 100 feet down a shaft in the Tanana and still lives.

George Drybaugh, a sailor, was drowned recently at Ketchikan, by the upsetting of a dory.

Private individuals have expended close to \$50,000 on wagon roads in the vicinity of Knik.

The Alaska Steamship Company has chartered the freighter Riverside and will operate her on all northern runs this spring.

The Canadian government is contemplating the construction at Carcross, Y. T., of an industrial manual training school for the natives.

The steamer Northwestern which was squeezed in the ice while on her way to Nome last spring, has been repaired at a cost of \$150,000.

The Senate has passed a bill terminating the privileges of the North American Commercial Company which gave them the exclusive right to take seal on Pribilof Islands.

The Alaska Steamship Company's steamer Farallon, which went on the reef at Iliamna Bay, January 5, has gone to pieces. Her engines, covered with ice, are still perched on the rocks.

A Seattle paper says that since L. H. Gray & Co. relinquished the agency of the steamship Humboldt, they have been looking over the field to see whether another boat would prove remunerative. After canvassing the matter thoroughly they have decided that the business is here and growing rapidly, with the result that they are now in the market for a vessel suitable for the Southeastern Alaska trade.

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STEAMSHIP COMPANY

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M. Kalish, Gen. Mgr.

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Seattle, Wash.

# PAID

Novelized From  
Eugene Walter's  
Great Play

himself? A fugitive from justice, friendless and penniless, everything that was worth while in life gone forever, what had he to hope from living? The prison door from which he had shrunk with such dread before now was wide open to receive him, would receive him as inevitably as day would follow the night. He remembered having read that a man shot through the brain never felt the messenger which snuffed out his life. In the drawer of his bureau was a loaded revolver that he had long kept there for self protection in case of need. A movement of his finger would end all. A feeling almost of relief came with this thought, and he quickened his steps. There was only one thing to fear now—that he would be caught before he could reach his room. As he trudged along he found himself at the corner of the street in which the Harrises lived.

Emma! How different she had been from the other! She had not taken; she had given. Love had not been dependent upon the bringing of gifts; it had been lavished upon him. When he had been despondent she had comforted him; when things were going wrong she had encouraged him; when his head ached she had rested it on her bosom. And it had come to this—that he had lost her and, with her, all; that he was an outcast at her door.

An insane desire to see her took possession of him. It grew, became overpowering, swept aside all the objections of reason. He was a dying man, and nothing was denied to the dying. He retraced his steps and rang the bell. The door opened, and he ascended the well remembered stairs. Mrs. Harris' flat was on the first landing. A maid who did not know him answered his ring.

"Is Mrs. Brooks at home?" he asked. The girl shook her head.

"Mrs. Brooks? No; no one of that name lives here. This is Mrs. Harris' apartments. Mrs. Harris and Miss Beth have gone out. Miss Emma is in."

Miss Emma! She had even discarded his name, then! The blow was hard.

"I would like to see her."

"Your card, sir, please."

"Tell her Mr. Smith is calling."

The name had flashed to him with the conviction that she would not receive him if he gave his own.

He followed on the heels of the maid.

"You needn't bother," he said and brushed past her at the door of the parlor.

Emma was arranging some ornaments on the mantelpiece. For a moment she did not recognize him. Then she recoiled, with a little cry, from the wild eyed, disheveled specter who, hat in hand, stood before her.

"Yes, Emma, it's me, or what is left of me," he said.

"What brings you here? How did you get in?" she demanded, with frightened eyes.

"Don't be afraid. You have nothing to fear from me," he assured her. "I'm going on a long journey—yes, a long, long journey, and I've come to say goodbye. You'll never see me again. I shall be no more trouble to anybody."

"There is no need to come here. I cannot receive you. You must go."

"Emma, I know how bad I was to you, how—"

"I cannot listen to your excuses. It is useless to recall the past. Please go!"

"I have no wish to recall it. I ask only your forgiveness—ask it as a dying man. You cannot refuse."

"You have been dead long years to me, and I have prayed God that I

might never see you again. I paid you in full for my freedom. Why have you come to trouble me? Go, please, and leave me in peace."

"All right," he said sorrowfully. "I will go. Goodbye, Emma."

With bowed head he went toward the door, stopped and turned to her with outstretched arms, pleading in his eyes.

"Emma, one kiss—my pardon and absolution before I die."

"No; oh, no!"

She retreated, shuddering, terrified.

He followed her, desperate, resolved to take by force what she would not give, to feel once more in his arms the little form that once had nestled there fondly.

She read his purpose and shrieked.

Mrs. Harris, Beth and Captain Williams were just entering, and they rushed in with the maid.

Brooks turned to escape as Emma, almost hysterical with horror and fear, uttered scream after scream. He ran

# IN

right into Williams, who recognized him at once and dealt him a smashing blow that sent him to the floor. Then the captain grasped the half stunned man and, pulling him to his feet, held him while he inquired what had happened.

Emma, calmed by her mother and sister, tremblingly explained. Williams looked at his prisoner, undecided what to do. Brooks did not open his mouth. The captain walked him out on the landing and, threatening to kill him if he ever dared to molest Emma again, threw him down the stairs.

## CHAPTER XXV.

**B**RUISED and dazed, aching all over and very weak, Brooks picked himself up and made his way to the street. He had now reached the extreme of hopelessness and desperation. Everybody, the whole world, was against him, except Jimsy Smith, and he could do nothing for him. The only being who had loved him had shrunk from him with dread, refused him the sacrament of a last kiss, besought in charity.

He hardly knew how he got there, but he reached home without molestation and mounted by the stairway unperceived to his room. Once inside he locked the door and turned on the light. It was at least gratefully warm there, and he was at last safe from the clutches of the law. Escape lay at his hand. In a moment all would be over.

Nothing had been disturbed during his absence. The revolver was still in the drawer where he had left it. He took it and, gazing at himself in the bureau glass, raised the firearm to his right temple. He was appalled as he looked at the ghastly, haggard face before him and the eyes, fear haunted, that stared out of their dark and deeply sunken rims like the optics of an owl. The revolver shook in his numbed hand, and he could scarce bend his finger on the trigger.

What was his hurry? Why not wait until he had warmed his hand and made the deed surer? If the police came for him death was at his beck and would cheat them at an instant's notice. His craven spirit inspired him with the desire to live a little longer.

He laid the revolver on the table and rubbed his hands to set the blood circulating. Then he held them over the heat radiator. He remembered that in the clothes closet was a full bottle of whisky. The stuff would soon warm him. He took off his overcoat to hang it up in the closet and felt in a pocket for his handkerchief. His hand encountered the roll of bills Smith had slipped in there. For a moment a gleam of hope flashed its cheering ray as he contemplated the money. Here was enough to enable him to get away.

But his despondency refused the comfort. What was the use? To attempt escape now would be to fall into the hands of the police sleuths who must be on the lookout for him. He surmised that the weather had driven the watchers to take shelter and had enabled him to slip into the house unnoticed or unrecognized. No, he had done with life and all its worries and disappointments. Better death than the consequences of living. He would have to die at some time or other anyhow.

He poured out a large glass of whisky and swallowed it. The fiery stuff warmed him all over. He sat down to think, and his thoughts took the shape of a review of his life. He had never been any good to himself or anybody else—never. Brought up by a maiden aunt, who had taken him in when as a young boy he had lost his widowed mother, he had repaid her with waywardness and indifference. In the declining years of her life when she needed aid and he was a young man he had kept his earnings selfishly for himself, doling out to her a few dollars at irregular intervals, and he was glad when she had ceased to be a burden by dying in a hospital. He had played his cards well, ingratiated himself into the favor of Mr. Harris, his employer, and by good acting had won the love of Emma. This had been the great coup of his career, but it had availed him little. Fortune, after smiling at him, had turned her back, and life had been a failure ever since.

As he summed it all up and contemplated himself as a pariah, a hunted man at bay amid the wreck of hope, love, life itself, driven to the alternative of a criminal's cell or self destruction, as he brooded over the way in which he had been spurned and cast out by those who might have loved and honored him, tears rolled from his eyes again.

"Yes," he groaned, repeating Emma's words, "yes, I have been paid in full, and I have paid in full."

Then he grasped the revolver and faced himself at the mirror again. This time his fingers were warm and supple. Once more he raised it to his temple. Once more pale fear obtained the ascendancy.

# FULL

By  
John W. Harding

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There was plenty of time. Why, since he was to die that night, should he be in such a hurry? Men who were dying or who were about to be speeded into eternity for transgression of the commandment that placed a ban on murder generally prayed, or prayers were said for them. He had not prayed since he could remember. What would happen after his leap into the unfathomable void? He had always derided the idea that anything would happen. Still, he did not know.

He went to the clothes closet, and from among some books, mostly novels, heaped in disorder on a shelf, he brought forth a Bible. It had belonged to his aunt, and he had kept it because it had looked well to have one in evidence in the parlor and because it was nicely bound in soft leather. He opened the book at hazard. Its pages divided at Ecclesiastes, and he began to read. Though the liquor was fast clouding his brain he became fascinated with the great immortal masterpiece of pessimism, the terrible monument of negation in which humanity's everlasting wounds are laid bare and bleeding.

I have seen all the works that are done under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

That which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is wanting cannot be numbered.

I communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great estate and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem—yea, my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge.

And I gave my heart to know wisdom and to know madness and folly. I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit.

For in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

"That's right," he assented, "that's dead right. Nothing's worth while; nothing matters."

What hath man of all his labor and of the vexation of his heart wherein he hath labored under the sun?

For all his days are sorrows and his travail grief—yea, his heart taketh no rest in the night. This is also vanity.

The verses succeeded each other with their recapitulation of the futility of earthly things. His head became



There was the crash of a report.

heavy and the letters indistinct. He began to have difficulty in grasping the meaning of the words.

That which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts, even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast. All is vanity.

All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.

Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?

A knock at the door roused him from his somnolence, and he looked up with bleared, bloodshot eyes.

He staggered to his feet, smiling vacantly, and his groping hand lurched toward the revolver. There was the crash of a report. The apartment house manager who had seen the light in the window, apprising him of the tenant's presence, and had knocked to inquire about the overdue rent, ran shouting for help.

When they forced the door they found Brooks sprawling across the table beside the overturned liquor bottle.

He was dead, with a bullet in his brain.

THE END.

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and Caps, Boots

and Shoes,

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Clothing, Ladies' and

Misses' wear, Furnishings

Skirts, Corsets, Dry Goods, Etc.

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Nyal's Spring Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, arouses the torped liver, drives out all impurities, cleanses and tones up the system, and helps nature throw off the dullness that comes from the indoor life of winter. It arouses energy, brightens the eye, clears the brain, gives lightness to the movements.

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Established 1872

### Louie In Hard Luck

Louie Levy the hustling fur buyer seems to be in hard luck this year. It is his custom to haul his gasoline launch over the ice on Lake LeBarge after the ice has gone out of the lower Yukon, and make the trip down to the mouth of the river every year on a fur buying trip. By working it this way he is enabled to cover the country in advance of the rival buyers who have to depend on the regular steamers. This year, however, it seems as though his plan wont work as the report comes out from Whitehorse that for some unknown reason the water is up over the ice on LeBarge, and he will have to wait until the lake ice thaws before he starts.

Wm. Wells left for Skagway on the Humboldt to attend the meeting of the Presbytry.

Rev Wagner, of Klawack, came over on the Uncle Dan and left for Skagway on the Humboldt.

Mrs. Case and children left on the last Cottage City for a short visit in Ketchikan.

Al Spader came up on the Cottage after a trip to Seattle and other points in Washington.

A Lemieux was granted his first papers at district court at Ketchikan this week.

Donald Sinclair was excused from petit jury service at Ketchikan.

The vessels of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company operating in Alaska carried 19,102 passengers during the year 1909, a gain of 5,080 over the year 1908. In 1909 91,926 tons of freight were carried a marked increase over the 77,984 tons of 1908.

The Fairbanks Times prints the following: Word has just been received from the Koyukuk of one of the richest strikes yet made in that district. The Maley & Shook claim near the mouth of Vermont Creek, a tributary of the Hammond river is reported to be the place.

That old pipe of yours is fierce, better get a new one from Pat's.

Washing and ironing, pressing, cleaning and plain sewing at Mrs. Wm. Lewis.

Patenaude carries the best in Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, and Smokers' supplies in general.

**DON'T HAVE COLD FEET!**

**We have Hot Water Bottles**

**See our**

**LINE OF RUBBER GOODS**

### New Postoffice Established

Mason's place on the Narrows has been named as a postoffice under the title of Mitkoff. J. A. Mason is the post master. Thus far no provision has been made for a regular delivery service, the mail being addressed via Wrangell, and taken over from here to Mitkoff on any gas boat that may be heading over that way. If the business warrants it, the new office will probably be supplied from the West Coast mail route, as it is within the ten mile limit.

Quite a bunch of the Wrangell jurors made the trip to Ketchikan on the Challenge.

The engine for Capt. Torrey's sloop is expected up on the next Humboldt.

Kent Talmadge, who has spent the winter at McMinnville Oregon, writes that he will summer in the neighborhood of Tillamook in the same state, and of course wants The Sentinel sent to the new address.

### Notice

Notice is hereby given that the Olympic Restaurant is not responsible for any debt or debts which "Billy" Fukuda has contracted in the past or may contract in the future, as he has severed his connections with the said restaurant.

The Olympic Restaurant,  
K. Morikawa, Proprietor.

When in need of a tombstone for your departed one, write to the Juneau Marble works, James Hogan, proprietor, Juneau, Alaska. Designs and prices furnished on application

### Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that I, Wm. E. Lloyd, administrator of the estate of John Norton, deceased, have filed with the Probate Court, Wrangell Precinct, District of Alaska, my final account, and the Court has set April 25th, 1910, the day for hearing objections: Therefore, all persons having objections thereto are cited to appear on that date at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Court House at Wrangell, Alaska.

Dated February 24, 1910.

WM. E. LLOYD,  
Administrator of the Estate  
of John Norton, Deceased.

### Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that I, John Thormodsater, administrator of the estate of Erick Peterson, deceased, have filed in the Probate Court, Wrangell Precinct, Alaska, my final account, and the Court has set April 18th, 1910, as the day for hearing objections thereto. All persons are cited to appear on that date at two o'clock at the Courthouse, Wrangell, Alaska, and file their objections, if any, to said account.

Dated February 12, 1910.

John Thormodsater,  
Administrator Aforesaid.

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